

Death Warrant.

No. V.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1844.

PRICE 1½d.

A REPRINTED RECORD OF FACTS—COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES,

Of the most dreadful Battles by Sea and Land ; Horrible and Mysterious Murders, Suicides, Plagues, Pestilences, Famines, Earthquakes, Storms, Shipwrecks, Conflagrations, Death-Beds, and every other appalling Calamity incidental to the life of Man ; forming

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"THE DEATH WARRANT" will achieve for the People a Grand Moral Lesson, it will inevitably strike Terror into the Hearts and Minds of Thousands, and bring back to their Memories the too often forgotten but solemn admonition

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

BURNING OF LORD SOULIS.

William Lord Soulis, was of royal descent, and entered, with several other nobles of rank, into a conspiracy against Robert de Bruce, the object of which was the elevation of Soulis to the Scottish throne. Sir Walter Scott attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering ; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery. He is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer ; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his Castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland ; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal ; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. The Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission ; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, long preserved at Skelf Hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration ; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly



sunk beneath the ground ; and the ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity, about one mile in breadth and four in length, descending upon the Water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible ; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar, upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended."

The ruins of the Castle of Hermitage still exist ; and still according to Stephen Oliver—"Rambles in Northumberland, and on the Scottish Border,"—the neighbouring peasantry whisper of the evil spirit believed to be confined there, and who, after locking the door of the dungeon, had thrown the key over his shoulder into the stream. The author also states that the cauldron, the muckle pot in which Soulis was reported to have been boiled, is an old kail-pot, of no very extraordinary size, which was purchased by some of the rebel army in 1715. The castle is now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh. It was, in 1546,

the residence of the Earl of Bothwell ; and here Queen Mary is said to have visited him, riding from Jedburg to Hermitage, and back again, in one day. The Earl was lying ill of a wound received from John Elliott of the Park, a desperate freebooter, whom he had attempted to apprehend.

TO THE MILLIONS.

THE good work in our hands progresses as favourably as our most sanguine hopes could have anticipated—already the knell of alarm has sounded throughout the country, and feelings, and fears, that were vainly endeavoured to be excited on the score

of delicacy and reverence to the *dead*, have been successfully awakened now that we have shown the destructive effects of the existing system of interments upon the constitutions of the *living*. To this end the DEATH WARRANT has echoed its cautionary burthen over the whole island, and we trust that echo will not die away in the silence of forgetfulness, until

churchyard interments in the midst of crowded populations, whether in town or country, shall have been prohibited by the legislature.

The so-called LAST HOME in London Churchyards.

As another proof of the horrible desecration to which the remains of the dead have been, and probably still are, subjected by the *vampires* and *gouls*, who, in this Christian land, literally prey upon the corruption of the grave, we beg to direct the reader's attention to an extract we have this week given, from the Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on Improvement of Health of Towns, printed by order of the House of Commons, on the 14th of June, 1842. The witness upon this occasion was a man named Chamberlain, who had been employed as a grave-digger in St. Clement's Churchyard for some years. To make room for fresh interments, it appears that it was customary to cut through the coffins previously deposited. The coffins were chopped up, and bodies quite perfect were "chopped" into portions with choppers and pickaxes. "We have," says the witness, "opened the lids of the coffins, and the bodies have been so perfect that *'we could distinguish males from females, and all of them have been chopped and cut up'*" Again—the flesh so cut up has been placed for the time under the boards placed for the mourners to stand upon round the new grave. "When they were gone," says the witness, "this flesh has been thrown in, and *jammed down*; and the coffins have been taken away and burnt. I, myself, have burnt some of them!" Why, disclosures like these are almost sufficient to persuade the inhabitants of Christian London that the burial-service of the church is a mockery, and the rites of sepulchre a farce! Is there a man who can read this disgusting exposure of horrors without raising his voice and moving his pen against the continuance of a system that permits of such disgraceful outrages upon the feelings of the living and the sanctity of the dead? We think not, and we think also that it is the duty of every one acquainted with such facts as those we have laid before the public to join in some concentrated and instantaneous effort to bring the attention of the legislature practically to the subject. It is a great thing certainly to have collected such a body of information as that presented to us in the Report of the Committee to which we have referred, but we must have something more than a *report of evidence* before the evil will be remedied. We must have a rigorous enforcement of some law that, being exclusively directed to the subject, shall, at once, and for ever, *prohibit interments in cities under any circumstances whatever*. The idea of the grave being the "*last home*" of the remains of those we love is a mere chimera of the brain, while they are exposed to the ruffian violence of the inhumanized carcase manglers—the grave-diggers of London.

GEORGE BUBE, the son of a Dorsetshire apothecary, and the nephew, of Mr. Doddington, a fortunate proprietor of the borough interest at Weymouth and Melcombe Regis. From this gentleman he inherited a name and an estate, which with the abilities he certainly possessed, might have rendered him that first, that most honourable and useful of all characters, a respectable and independent country gentleman. But he was ambitious of becoming a courtier, and to use his own words, resolved to make a figure; of what kind posterity must determine. After practising many years those obsequious arts, without which the road to court preferment will be trodden in vain, he was admitted into the family department of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III., and was told by his royal patron that whenever he succeeded to the crown, Mr. Doddington should be made a peer and secretary of state, and that the house of lords should be submitted to his management.

The death of the prince blasted for a time these rising hopes and flattering prospects; in addition to this misfortune, he was soon after informed that the family of the deceased very much disliked him; but the omnipotence of parliamentary influence soon enabled him to mitigate or subdue hostile prejudice; for he is said to have been able by political

intrigue, at a very early period of his career, to have taken by the hand eleven members. In a few years he became Lord Melcombe, thus properly taking his title from that spot which had been the fountain of his honour; he formed part of an administration with the old Duke of Newcastle, became an associate and patroniser of certain writers of that period, and an object of the fulsome adulation of Dr. Young.

In the vicissitudes of a courtier's life, he was not without his intervals of melancholy and depression: on one of these occasions, he exclaims in the anguish of delayed hope or mortified ambition, which, when their own gaudy robes have been stripped from them, are so apt to put on the garb of devotion:—"Father of mercies, thy hand which wounds alone can save; forgive them, O Lord, thou knowest I deserve not this usage from them."

Although the diary of Lord Melcombe is in fact a satire of the severest kind on public men and public measures, it has been well observed by his ingenious editor, Mr. Penruddocke Wyndham, that the mean, time-serving, avaricious, and selfish spirit apparent in every page, did not appear to the writer as at all disgraceful to his memory; but that he considered and designed this curious posthumous publication as an ample and satisfactory apology for his political conduct: he had into manners moralized his crimes, and relates with cool unconcern transactions which are a libel on the English constitution, and almost on human nature.

I will not copy from his own book the unblushing versatility of his lordship's conduct, which provoked the dramatic lash of Foote; my design is merely to remark his eccentric mode of proceeding, not in getting a place, but an heir and successor to his honours and fortune. The singularity of his adventures on this point, the minute and curious details of his *previous agreements*, would afford materials for a laughable novel.

Pregnancy within a certain period was to secure the courageous heroine a title and a husband; but by a fatality more honourable to the fidelity of the ladies than the prowess of the statesman, he was in every instance unsuccessful; yet the stipulated sum was honourably paid, and answered a purpose perhaps more important; it procured for his fair favourites vigorous husbands, and numerous olive-branches round their tables.

The writer of this article has been in company with two ladies who had been candidates for the vacant post of provider of an heir to Lord Melcombe; one of them a pleasant sensible woman, who would have done credit to a peer, and have presided at his table with animated hospitality, has more than once been insensibly led to the subject.

The provisional matrimonial treaty was described as conducted with much of scrupulous decorum, due solemnity, and legal form of words, ratified by seals, witnesses, and parchment. In justice to this lady, who used to observe that it was a farce to make a secret of that which everybody knew, I ought to add, that her communications on this subject always concluded with warm declarations of gratitude and esteem for Lord Melcombe; that he was a *charming man*; would have made the best of husbands; was capable of making any reasonable wife happy; and that the woman who could have acted dishonourably towards *such* a benefactor, deserved to be hanged.

The fact proves the noble lord's discriminating power in selecting female objects for his experiments, or he was remarkably fortunate; there might have occurred women who would have thought themselves bound on every principle of prudence and of policy to have produced an heir for their anxious patron, by any means, and at any rate.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—An occurrence of most thrilling interest took place at Niagara Falls, some time since. The new bridge to Iris Island is planted in a frightful rapid, where the current is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, and is only about 100 to 150 yards above the brow of the great precipice or perpendicular fall. A carpenter of the name of Chapin was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon staging, about 100 feet from Iris Island, accidentally lost his footing, and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye swept away towards the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him; but fortunately he was uninjured by the fall, and even in this most hopeless condition retained perfect self-possession. Turning his eye towards the only point of hope above the fearful precipice, he succeeded, by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a little island some twenty feet in width and length, the outermost of a group of little cedar islands situated some thirty or forty yards above the falls, and about equidistant from Goat Island and the American shore. There he stood for an hour, looking calmly and beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores, but with whom he could hold no conversation on account of the distance and the roar of the rapids. There is a man in the village of the falls of the name of Robinson, of extraordinary muscular power, great intrepidity, and withal an admirable boatman—and he was probably the only one that could have been found within fifty miles—who generously volunteered his services, to attempt reaching the island in a boat and bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars, similar in con-

struction to the Whitehall race-boats, was soon procured, and he embarked. He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, darting his little boat across the rapid channels, and at the intervening eddies holding up to survey his situation and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then with all his strength darted across and sprang from his boat—his foot slipped, and he fell backward into the rapid current. With the spectators it was a moment of thrilling interest and breathless silence; his boat seemed inevitably lost and himself in fearful jeopardy. Retaining, however, his grasp on the boat, he sprang in, and again seizing his oars brought up under the lee of the island. All again felt a momentary relief, but still the great labour and hazard of the enterprize remained to be overcome. A cool head and strong arm could only effect it. Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his companion on board, in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labour, they effected a safe landing on Goat Island. The intense interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore watching, with unavailing horror, what seemed his fate.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON.

(Continued from our last, page 27.)

My father, several years before his departure for America, had removed from the Miuster-house, and resided in one larger, and more convenient for his increased family. This habitation was elegantly arranged; all the luxuries of plate, silk, furniture, foreign wines, &c. evinced his knowledge of what was worth enjoying, and displayed that warm hospitality which is often the characteristic of a British merchant. This disposition for the good things of the world influenced even the disposal of his children's comforts. The bed in which I slept was of the richest crimson damask; the dresses which we wore were of the finest cambric. During the summer months we were sent to Clifton-hill for the advantages of a purer air; and I never was permitted to board at school, or to pass a night of separation from the fondest of mothers.

Many months elapsed, and my mother continued to receive the kindest letters from that husband, whose rash scheme filled her bosom with regret and apprehension. At length the intervals became more frequent and protracted. The professions of regard, no longer flowing from the heart, assumed a laboured style, and seemed rather the efforts of honourable feeling than the involuntary language of confidential affection. My mother felt the change, and her affliction was infinite.

At length a total silence of several months awoke her mind to the sorrows of neglect, the torture of compunction; she now lamented the timidity which had divided her from her husband's bosom, the natural fondness which had bound her to her children;—for while her heart bled with sorrow and palpitated with apprehension, the dreadful secret was unfolded,—and the cause of my father's silence was discovered to be a new attachment;—a mistress, whose resisting nerves could brave the stormy ocean, and who had consented to remain two years with him in the frozen wilds of America.

This intelligence nearly annihilated my mother, whose mind, though not strongly organized, was tenderly susceptible. She resigned herself to grief. I was then at an age to feel and participate in her sorrows. I often wept to see her weep; I tried all my little skill to sooth her, but in vain: the first shock was followed by calamities of a different nature. The scheme in which my father had embarked his fortune failed, the Indians rose in a body, burst his settlement, murdered many of his people, and turned the produce of their toil adrift on the wide and merciless ocean. The noble patrons of his plan deceived him in their assurances of marine protection, and the island of promise presented a scene of barbarous desolation. This misfortune was rapidly followed by other commercial losses: and to complete the vexations which pressed heavily on my mother, her rash husband gave a bill of sale of the whole of his property, by the authority of which we were obliged to quit our home, and to endure those accumulated vicissitudes for which there appeared no remedy.

It was at this period of trial that my mother was enabled to prove, by that unerring touchstone, Adversity, who were her real and disinterested friends. Many with affected commiseration dropped a tear, or rather seemed to drop one, on the disappointments of our family; while others, with a malignant triumph, condemned the expensive style in which my father had reared his children; the studied elegance which had characterized my mother's dress and habitation, and the hospitality which was now marked by the ungrateful epithet of prodigal luxuriance, but which had evinced the open liberality of my father's heart.

At this period my brother William died. He was only six years of age, but a promising and most lovely infant. His sudden death, in consequence of the measles, nearly deprived my mother of her senses. She was deeply affected: but she found, after a period of time, that consolation which, springing from the bosom of an amiable friend, doubly

solaced her afflictions. This female was one of the most estimable of her sex; she had been the widow of Sir Charles Erskine, and was then the wife of a respectable medical man who resided at Bristol.

In the society of Lady Erskine my mother gradually recovered her serenity of mind, or rather found it soften into a religious resignation. But the event of her domestic loss, by death, was less painful than that which she felt in the alienation of my father's affections. She frequently heard that he resided in America with his mistress; till, at the expiration of another year, she received a summons to meet him in London.

Language would but feebly describe the varying emotions which struggled in her bosom. At this interesting era she was preparing to encounter the freezing scorn, or the contrite glances, of either an estranged or a repentant husband; in either case her situation with replete with anticipated chagrin; for she loved him too tenderly not to participate even in the anguish of his compunction. His letter, which was coldly civil, requested particularly that the children might be the companions of her journey. We departed for the metropolis.

I was not then quite ten years old, though so tall and formed in my person that I might have passed for twelve or thirteen. My brother George was a few years younger. On our arrival in London we repaired to my father's lodgings in Spring-gardens. He received us, after three years absence, with a mixture of pain and pleasure; he embraced us with tears, and his voice was scarcely articulate. My mother's agitation was indescribable; she received a cold embrace at their meeting;—it was the last she ever received from her alienated husband.

As soon as the first conflicts seemed to subside, my father informed my mother that he was determined to place by brother and myself at a school in the vicinity of London; that he purposed very shortly returning to America, and that he would readily pay for my mother's board in any private and respectable family. This information seemed like a death-blow to their domestic hopes. A freezing, formal, premeditated separation from a wife who was guiltless of any crime, who was as innocent as an angel, seemed the very extent of decided misery. It was in vain that my mother essayed to change his resolution, and influence his heart in pronouncing a milder judgment; my father was held by a fatal fascination; he was the slave of a young and artful woman, who had availed herself of his American solitude, to undermine his affections for his wife and the felicity of his family.

This deviation from domestic faith was the only dark shade that marked my father's character. He possessed a soul brave, liberal, enlightened and ingenuous. He felt the impropriety of his conduct. Yet, though his mind was strongly organized, though his understanding was capacious, and his sense of honour delicate even to fastidiousness, he was still the dupe of his passions, the victim of an unfortunate attachment.

Within a few days of our arrival in London we were placed for education in a school at Chelsea. The mistress of this seminary was perhaps one of the most extraordinary women that ever graced or disgraced society; her name was Meribah Lorrington. She was the most extensively accomplished female that I ever remember to have met with: her mental powers were no less capable of cultivation than superiorly cultivated. Her father, whose name was Hull, had from her infancy been the master of an academy at Earl's Court, near Fulham; and early after his marriage losing his wife, he resolved on giving this daughter a masculine education. Meribah was early instructed in all the modern accomplishments; as well as in classical knowledge. She was mistress of the Latin, French, and Italian languages; she was said to be a perfect arithmetician and astronomer, and possessed the art of painting on silk to a degree of exquisite perfection. But, alas! with all these advantages she was addicted to one vice, which at times so completely absorbed her faculties, as to deprive her of every power, either mental or corporeal. Thus, daily and hourly, her superior acquirements, her enlightened understanding, yielded to the intemperance of her ruling infatuation, and every power of reflection seemed lost in the unfeminine propensity.

(To be continued Weekly.)

FEATS OF DEATH.

I have passed o'er the earth in darkness of night,
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light;
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,
And I have left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night,
Which wither and moulders the flowers in its might,
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left them blighted, and wasted, and low;
I passed o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high;
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.



EFFECTS OF MEPHITIC GASES.

A LADY died September 7th, 1832, and was hurried in the Rector's vault in St. ———'s church, on the 14th. The undertaker having occasion to go down into the vault, being well acquainted with the localities, and somewhat pressed for time, with the assistance of the son of the deceased, removed the stone which covered the vault. The two descended, taking with them a light, which was almost instantly extinguished; upon reaching the lower step of the vault, both were simultaneously seized with sickness, giddiness, trembling, and confusion of intellect: the undertaker raised his friend, who had fallen on the floor, and with difficulty dragged him out of the vault; he himself, although previously in excellent health, was seized with vomiting the next day, and for twelve months rejected his food. He consulted Dr. James Johnson, who pronounced his case to be one of poisoning, from mephitic gases. The patient is convinced that his health has been completely ruined from this cause; he is now obliged, after a lapse of seven years, "to live entirely by rule." The health of the young gentleman who was with him was seriously impaired for a considerable period; his principal symptoms, those of slow poison, developed themselves gradually—but surely; he was attacked with obstinate ulcerations of the throat, which were not removed until more than two years had elapsed, although he had frequent change of air, and the best medical assistance that could be obtained.—*From Intermment and Disinterment, by G. A. Walker.*

A LIFE-PRESERVING COFFIN.—The American papers mention that "one of the most remarkable specimens of mechanical ingenuity exhibited at the American Institute, was a life-preserving coffin! The object of this new coffin, is to prevent the hazard of burying a person alive, and for this purpose the coffin is fitted with springs and levers inside, which, on the slightest motion of the person within, will instantly throw up the coffin-lid." Will it also throw up the six feet of solid earth above the lid?

PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The following Petition has been many weeks under a course of signature in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

*To the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled,
The Petition of the Undersigned*

HUMBLY SHEWETH,—That the present practice of burying the dead, amidst the living, in crowded churchyards surrounded by dwelling-houses, in graves but just below the surface of the ground, in coffins heaped one above the other, is disrespectful to the dead, and injurious to the living; and that the disease, suffering, and premature decay, and death, the consequent consequence of this practice, are regarded by your Petitioners as an unnecessary infliction of evil upon themselves and their families, from which it is in the power of your Honourable House to relieve them:

That the present exorbitant expenses of funerals are oppressive to all classes, but are particularly calamitous to persons in the class of your Petitioners, entailing upon them a heavy expense, at a time, when of all others, they are the least able to meet it, namely, in the season of domestic affliction, when their hard earned wages have been already exhausted by the prevalence of sickness in their families, and often when they have themselves been thrown out of work in consequence of having been attacked by the same diseases that have proved fatal to their wives and children:

That the members of your Honourable House have had no opportunities of observing, and therefore can form no adequate conception of the consequences that follow to persons in the class of your Petitioners, compelled by their inability to raise the sum demanded of them by the undertakers, unduly to retain the dead in their close and crowded habitations, to the grievous affliction of your Petitioners, and to the injury of the health, not alone of the surviving members of their own families, but often also of that of their neighbours:

That your Petitioners have heard with satisfaction, that it has been proposed, in an official report presented to your Honourable House, to provide public cemeteries at a distance from human habitations, and from the public thoroughfares, in places of quiet and repose, where the peacefulness and solemnity, proper to the resting-place of the dead, may be undisturbed:

That your Petitioners have heard of a proposal that has been made to appoint officers of health to verify and record, in every case, the fact of death—to take the charge of funerals—to ascertain, by

enquiries made upon the spot, the cause of death, in cases where that cause has obviously arisen from the unhealthy condition of the dwelling-house or the work-place of the deceased—to take instant measures for the removal of such cause, and in cases where death has been occasioned by foul or unfair means, to see justice done; and your Petitioners firmly believe, that the visits of such officers of health, at such a season of calamity and distraction, would be highly acceptable and useful to persons in the class of your Petitioners, assisting them with counsel and help at a time when they are least able to think and act for themselves:

That while measures of this kind would be truly beneficial to all classes of the community, they are absolutely necessary to the safety and well being of your Petitioners, and such measures as would indicate a sympathy on the part of your Honourable House, with the distresses and sufferings of your Petitioners, and a kind feeling and concern for their welfare, so they would deserve, and would assuredly excite and secure their warm and lasting gratitude.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

DR. JENNER, ON THE DETERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

—On the 6th of March, 1788, Dr. Jenner was united in marriage to Miss Catherine Kingscote, a lady of an ancient and respectable family, and in the following January his eldest son was born. At this time we have a letter from him to an early and close friend, in which, amongst a variety of other things, he lays down some rules of medical management in reference to his correspondent, who had a determination of blood to the head. A fragment from this letter will, no doubt, be acceptable, but we can afford only a fragment: "I don't see how heat can arise from any other cause than increased flow of blood upon a part. For example, the degree of heat in the highest state of inflammation is never more than the heat of the blood about the heart. This I have repeatedly ascertained by experiment. I fear you are too free with the use of tobacco; can't you have resolution enough to give it up? Spirits, even diluted as you drink them, I think, are bad; and so are liquors containing much fixed air, and, consequently, spruce beer. 'Tis hard to say what you can substitute if you relinquish those things; but you should make a thousand innocent experiments on your constitution, and see if this distressing complaint is owing to any error in your mode of living. How far the state of your stomach is connected with it should be studiously made out. You know it has long been my creed that stomach is the governor of the whole machine, the mind as well as the body. The seat of action is certainly in the brain; but the stomach gives the word of command, and tells it how it shall act. I have taken up a notion, that every one of the large arteries may, in consequence of the stomach being affected in a peculiar way, take upon itself an action quite independent of the heart, except in its number of pulsations."—*Dr. Baron's Life and Correspondence of Dr. Jenner.*



THE DEATH'S HEAD HAWK-MOTH.

OVER foreign lands the Death's-head Hawk-moth has a wide range of distribution. It occurs in considerable abundance in all the southern countries of Europe, in the two extremities of Africa, and in the Isle of France. In the latter country, according to St. Pierre, a helief prevails that the dust cast from its wings, in flying through an apartment, produces blindness, if it happens to fall upon the eyes.

The head and thorax are nearly of the same colour as the dark portion of the upper wings; the thorax bearing on its surface a large gray or yellowish spot, not unaptly representing a front view of a human skull or "Death's Head." The abdomen is blackish, bluish ash down the back, with yellow transverse spots on the sides of the segments. The antennæ are whitish at the tip, and the tarsi ringed with white.

The great size of this creature, its remarkable appearance, the "grim feature" stamped upon its thorax, together with the power it possesses of emitting a plaintive and mournful cry, have conspired to render it an object of alarm to the ignorant and superstitious. We are told by Reaumur that they once appeared in great abundance in some districts of Bretagne, and produced great trepidation among the inhabitants, who considered them to be the forerunners and even the cause of epidemic diseases and other calamities. "A letter is now before me," says Mr. Knapp, "from a correspondent in German Poland, where this insect is a common creature, and so abundant in 1824, that my informant collected fifty of them in the potato-fields of his village, where they call them the 'death's-head phantom,' the 'wandering death-bird,' &c. The markings on its back represent to these fertile imaginations the head of a perfect skeleton, with the limb-bones crossed beneath; its cry becomes the voice of anguish, the moaning of a child, the signal of grief; it is regarded not as the creation of a benevolent being, but the device of evil spirits—spirits enemies to man, conceived and fabricated in the dark; the very shining of its eyes is thought to represent the fiery element, whence it is supposed to have proceeded. Flying into their apartments in the evening it at times extinguishes the light, foretelling war, pestilence, hunger, death to man and beast."

CHURCHYARD ATROCITIES.

Extract from a Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, April 22, 1842. Members Present:—Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Beckett, Sir William Clay, Mr. Cowper, Mr. E. Denison, Mr. Kemble, Lord Mahon, Mr. Vernon, Mr. R. Yorke. W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. in the Chair.

William Chamberlain called in and examined.

Where do you live? 26, Great Wyld Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.—Are you at all connected with the cemetery companies around the metropolis? No.—Will you state to the Committee what has come under your observation with regard to the state of the churchyards? In the year 1831, I was first employed by Mr. Watkins, the head grave-digger of St. Clement's churchyard; from that time, till the year 1838, I never opened a grave without coming into other coffins of children, grown persons, and what we term odd sizes, which we have been obliged to cut away, to cut through those coffins, the ground being so excessively full that we could not make a grave without doing it; it was done by the orders of Mr. Watkins and Mr. Fitch, the sexton of the parish, that those coffins should be chopped up, and the wood placed against the walls and the palings of the ground. We have come to hodies quite perfect, and we have cut part away with choppers and pickaxes. We have opened the lids of the coffins, and the bodies have been so perfect that we could distinguish males from females, and all of those have been chopped and cut up. The ground has been my destruction and my ruin, through the stench and the dampness, and the work I have undergone! since I have

been at the work, I have lost the use of my limbs; I have been in the hospitals, and not able to move a limb; I have come out upon crutches; I have been in Middlesex Hospital, and St. George's Hospital next; I have been in King's College Hospital since. During that time I was at this work, the flesh has been cut up in pieces and thrown up behind the boards which are placed to keep the ground up where the mourners are standing; the four corners of the board support the platform for the mourners to stand upon, and when the mourners are gone, this flesh has been thrown in and jammed down, and the coffins have been taken away and burnt; I myself have burnt some of them.—You say that you could not open any grave without coming to these coffins? Not one single grave, not even at three feet from the surface, without coming upon coffins. I filled up one side, all along the houses in Clement's-lane, during my time; and along by the palings, in the middle of the ground, was so full that we could not get a grave without coming round the sides. During my time, I can, with positive facts, say, that above a thousand has been cut away.—If they were quite fresh, what did you do with the bodies? They have been cut up in pieces. The strings, what we term the leaders of the knees and the joints, have been so tough and so strong that we have been obliged to chop them away with a sharp instrument, a hatchet, and the coffin wood we have been obliged to saw in different parts of it, unless we came to a nail, and then we beat it away with a sledge hammer. The skulls and bones, there have been boles dug for them, and they have been placed in those holes and beat up just as you would crack nuts, and the marrow bones the same, and buried.—Have you often come to coffins of people who have lately been interred? Yes; we could not dig a grave without coming upon coffins that have not been buried twelve months, and some not six months. I was very sorry that ever I was out of a situation, to be compelled to go to such work, but I did it for the sake of my wife and family.—Were you in good health before you began this work? Yes, I never had a day's illness; but since that I have never had one day free from pain.—Mr. Couper. How long did you work there before you were taken ill? I worked there between five and six years before I was taken ill; I was once taken; I got up one Sunday morning and went into the ground in Portugal-street; we had a grave to open; I believe it was ten feet; I went in and completed the work, and I cut four or five coffins through in that piece of ground, and the bodies of some; I placed the flesh behind, and I went home to my breakfast; it was our church time; we did not dare do any more till the people were in church, for the sound of cutting away the wood was so terrible that mobs used to be round the railings and looking; we could not throw a piece of wood or a piece of a body up without being seen; the people actually cried "shame," out of the windows at the backs of the houses on account of it.—Chairman. Had you any particular tools for chopping up these bodies? Yes, a hatchet and a saw and a pickaxe.—Did not you find it hard work to cut through a solid coffin? Very hard; I have been an hour and a half or two hours over them, breaking the lead and taking the sides of the coffins up, and I have spoken to the head gravedigger about it, and said, "We shall never get this grave done on account of this wood; the wood is so fresh that you cannot move it; not even the cloth hardly soiled, or the nails rusted.—How many coffins have you dug through, and bodies cut through, to get a depth of ten feet? To get ten feet of ground you must cut through at least five or six; in the almshouses I could uncover, at least, and expose a dozen coffins within one hour.—Mr. Yorke. How long is it since you first took to this vocation? In the year 1831, was my first commencement; but before that I was a single man, and was in the workhouse; I was then an inmate of the house, and the head gravedigger used to have the privilege of fetching in any man if he wanted any assistance, and by that means I had been called upon several times to assist in digging these graves before that.—You are not in the workhouse now? No; my children are there, but my wife and I are out.—Have you given up this occupation in consequence of its injury to your health? Yes; it was in the year 1836, in April, that I was first seized, and laid upon my bed; and I lay there six weeks without knowing what was the matter with me; then I was taken to a hospital in a cab: I was taken first to Bartholomew's Hospital.—Chairman. Did you not feel a degree of compunction when you first began cutting through those bodies which had just been interred? Yes; I felt very timid, and a great dread of doing so; but having nothing else to do, I did not know what to do.—Under whose orders did you do it? Mr. Fitch and Mr. Watkins's orders. Mr. Fitch is the sexton, and Mr. Watkins is the man that employed me first; I have heard Mr. Watkins say to Mr. Fitch, "Sir," says he, "What shall we do with this?" I heard him swear and say, "You must do it; you must remove this wood away."—Do you repeat the statement, that it is impossible for you to make a grave in that grave-yard now without cutting through the bodies? Without cutting through the bodies, and many of them perfectly fresh, you cannot get even three feet of grave, nor yet two.—How near is the wood of the coffins to the surface? There are coffins now within a foot of the surface.—Mr. Yorke. Can you not go so deep as three feet without finding a coffin? No, you cannot without moving children, or something; the children have been taken out and placed in a

grave that is not above a foot and a half deep. Those bodies have been buried on the Sunday before, and then there has been a grave ordered, and those children have been taken out, and if they could not find a grave sufficiently deep, just to cover the coffin, a child has been taken out, and the coffin broken up, and the flesh buried. The child has been buried on a Sunday, and then the child has been moved and turned out of the coffin, and sometimes they have been placed nowhere; I have done it by orders.—[To be continued weekly.]

MURDER AND HORRIBLE EXECUTION IN JAMAICA.—

The Jamaica papers give an account of a dreadful case of murder, rendered more horrible by the circumstances attending the execution of the criminals. The story is the more remarkable, too, from the circumstance that the crime was discovered by the confessions of the perpetrators, extorted from them by the agonies of remorse. Two men, of the name of Pendrill and Reeve, *alias* Chitty, were imprisoned for some minor offences, in two prisons, at a distance from each other: the one at Falmouth, and the other at Kingston. Both of them, in their sleeping, as well as waking moments, made such revelations respecting a crime they had committed, that they were brought to trial for it. On the trial, the evidence of the persons in whose hearing they had made these revelations was brought forward. Some parts of it were as follows: Thomas Anderson said he had been confined in the Falmouth district prison for assault. He knew Pendrill, and saw him in January. They occupied the same room. During the nights Pendrill used to be very much agitated; he would call out in his sleep, "What do you want with me? I didn't kill you; go away." He tossed his arms about, tore his clothes, and stripped himself. One morning after he had been calling out in his sleep in this manner in the Penitentiary, Pendrill then told witness that he and Reeve (Chitty), coming from Falmouth, had met a girl whom they had carried into the bush and murdered. Other witnesses described similar conduct on the part of Reeve (Chitty) in Kingston prison. Upon this evidence, and corroboratory facts, the two culprits were convicted. They were executed at Falmouth on the 30th of November. On the scaffold they behaved with the utmost composure, and notwithstanding the exhortations of the clergyman who attended them, steadily denied their guilt. The appalling circumstances attending the conclusion of the scene are thus detailed by the *Cornwall Chronicle*:—His reverence the Rector then commenced to read the funeral service, and while the tremulous tones of his voice still resounded in the ears of these wretched men, the drop fell from beneath their feet, and there succeeded a scene of horror which we heartily pray we may never witness anything like again. The rope with which Chitty was suspended broke by the violence of the fall, occasioned by the length of slack allowed him; the cap which covered Pendrill's face being too big and unfastened was blown off, and the dreadful emotions of his features from the agonies of death on the countenance of the unfortunate sufferer became painfully visible to the gaze of the surrounding spectators, many of whom burst into tears, and nearly all uttered ejaculations of the harrowing sensations with which they were agitated. Chitty, in the meantime, without assistance, quickly got upon his legs, unhurt, and immediately exclaimed, "This is fair play: fair play for it." This exclamation he reiterated several times, with slight variations in the collocation of the words. Meantime a messenger was dispatched on horseback for a fresh supply of rope, while old Bacchus, the executioner, was mechanically engaged in knotting another noose from the fragment of rope which remained. The wretched man continued to declare his innocence of the murder, and declared that he never knew the girl, he never saw her, &c., with a great degree of volubility and vehemence; after which, observing the executioner with the noose in his hand, he said, "I will take my chance with that." He again ascended the step-ladder, the top of which was used for a drop. He made no faltering stop. On gaining the upper landing, and while the executioner was making preparation, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mighty Lord Jesus—guilty sinners shall be cast into hell—if in heaven thou canst save me—if cast into hell thou canst see me—I suffer death like a man—I never knew the girl—I never saw the girl, but I am doomed to death for thou only one." After a pause he addressed himself in prayer. When he had left off speaking, Mr. Macintyre advanced to the front of the scaffold and addressed him:—"Sam Reeve, it has pleased the Lord to give you further time to join again with me in prayer, let us then"—the Rev. gentleman then proceeded to read the funeral service, where he had left off; while so engaged, the step-ladder was very adroitly tripped up, and the wretched sufferer once more swung off, his cap was again blown away, and his features exposed in a similar manner to Pendrill's. His sufferings must have been very great; his body was dreadfully convulsed for two or three minutes, during which time he repeatedly kicked the then lifeless body of his fellow prisoner, which hung below him, and at one time raised both his legs and placed them upon Pendrill's shoulders, thus adding another accompaniment to the completion of this scene of horror.

PROFLIGATE SERVANT.—A singular but hazardous mode of reforming one. A few years since, there appeared in one of the Irish

journals, an advertisement from a servant who wanted a valet's place, stating that he was *without a character*, and had many faults, but hoped to mend. A confession so frank, and indeed so uncommon in that class of people, caught the eye of a gentleman in the environs of Dublin, well known for eccentric humour and generous hospitality. He sent for the man, and on his entering the room thus addressed him: "You graceless dog, that seems bent on starving, pray where and with whom did you live last?" "With Squire —, of St. Stephen's Green," replied the valet, "an ill-natured, unreasonable man he was, an't please your honour, though it is true I gave him some *small cause*, would you believe it, Sir, for no other reason in the world, than because I kept genteel hours, loved whisky, and because he missed a pair of silver mounted pistols, and *another thing or too*, he sent me packing, and stopped my wages!" "You are the lad for *my* money," said the gentleman, "you have owned your faults, which I have never been able to prevail on a servant to do. I now know your failing; but remember, if ever I catch you at any of your light-fingered tricks, you shall certainly die in your shoes.—Be with me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, you idle dog! in the mean time, take these ten guineas, and pay your old master for his pistols!" The graceless rogue entered on his place the next day, and faithfully served for the rest of his life his new master, who left him at his decease a handsome annuity; he embarked in trade, was successful, and at the moment I write is a wealthy and respectable merchant in Dublin. By a severe disciplinarian, he would have been doomed to confinement in a jail, that nursery for violence and plunder, from which, after some slight punishment for his first offence, he would have issued a qualified desperado; and after a life of blood and plunder, in all probability would have expiated his crimes on a gibbet.

ROPE AND SOAP FOR SIX.—At six, I was just in time to see what are called the "canary birds" returning from labour. These were the convicts dubbed canaries, from their yellow and brown dress. They were marched into their barracks by a guard of soldiers, who also reside there; and as they passed the steamer, they cast a melancholy look towards the happy faces which presented so striking a contrast to their own. I wish the thieves and vagabonds at home could see such scenes as these; it would have a better effect than the exhibition of a poor wretch on the scaffold, and is assuredly a worse punishment. At Sydney they do not distress the feelings of the inhabitants by publicly hanging the luckless wretches doomed to die; but if any one is particularly desirous to witness the scene, and cannot get into the gaol-yard, where they are turned off, he may, by standing on a particular bank near the gaol wall, indulge his eyes with the sight of some half dozen at a time paying the debt they owe to society. The store that supplies the ropes, &c., to Jack Ketch, is, on the morning of execution, visited by that functionary, when the following dialogue ensues: "Mornin', Mr. —; what's o'clock?"—"Half-past seven."—"Well, I want rope and soap for six;" the fellow thinking as little of the performance of his revolting duties as a butcher of the execution of his.—*Voyages and Travels in South Australia*, by W. H. Leigh.

A FEAST AND A FIGHT.—I met many scores of natives, marching in high glee to the scene of action; for no sooner is a whale killed, than the affair literally "gets wind," and the gentry from the Black River and the interior descend in flocks. Then was blackee in his element. As I strolled along the beach, what scenes did I behold! Some chattering and gabbling, as they were striding to the feast; others, sitting round a fire, with an oven made of stones, upon which was the blubber, while they intently watched the progress of the cooking, and inhaled the delightful steams that issued from it. Some, who had eaten their fill, lay like lifeless carcases, round as a barrel, upon the sand; and numbers were carrying large square pieces to their "lubras" upon their heads, putting out their tongues, ever and anon, as the delectable "gravy" melted from the blubber. The whale is to them as good raw, for their impatience never admits it to be more than warm through, before they draw it from off the stone fire and devour it. Every one screws off a piece, and crams it down his throat. They never cease eating till unable to swallow another morsel, when those who are able arise, and bury the remains, which are disinterred when appetite returns.—There was a grand battle fought among the natives, about one of their women, during my stay here. It began by an unusually large assembly of persons violently disputing, throwing themselves into frantic attitudes, and performing other extravagancies. Expecting that something out of the common way was about to occur, I went to the spot, and found out what was the matter. By-and-by the two enraged combatants entered the field, smeared all over with red ochre, white chalk and oil, presenting the most terrific sight I ever saw. They shook their waddies, and rushed upon each other, when the battle began. It consisted in hitting alternate blows on the head, blow and blow, he who had the thickest skull winning the day. At length, a crack on the temple sprawled one of them, and two or three knocks after he was down, accompanied by a jump or two on his body, ended the "affair of honour." The conqueror was marched off in triumph, and the *friends* of the vanquished left him bleeding and stunned "alone in his glory." I went to

the poor wretch, and found a severe indentation of the temporal bone, extending across the brow three inches, and entirely dividing the temporal artery. I endeavoured to stop the hemorrhage, and elevated the bone, not doubting but he was soon to expire. I laid him in the best position I could, and went my way, resolving, if he should die, to hold a "post mortem" on his body. I next morning went to the spot with my dissecting case, and a rope to drag him into a more retired situation. Imagine my surprise, when in passing through the village, I saw, not the corpse, as I expected, but the very fellow himself, chattering and laying down the law as vociferously as the best of them. I went to ask him how he was, and saw that he had by means of the bark fillet, which they all wear round their brow, bound a piece of whale's entrail on the sore, and seemed to think nothing of it. I am sure that if that blow and its fracture had been shared between two white men, they would have died instantly; but native skulls are as thick at the temple as an European's at the occiput. I saw a black fellow at Adelaide (and I dare say he is there at this moment) who had fallen out of a tree, and in so doing, dislocated his wrist, the hand being forced back, so that the ulna bone was forced into the palm: the radius was broken, and the splinters pierced the hand. He refused to have it taken off; his arm swarmed with maggots; the bone remained exposed; and, strange to say, he recovered; and I saw him before I left, rapping the denuded bone with his waddy, and laughing.—*Voyages and Travels in South Australia, by W. H. Leigh.*

THE REGICIDES.—No less than three of the men (Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell), who condemned Charles, fled to Connecticut. One of the persons received by Mr. Pierpont to the full communion of the church (in New Haven) was an aged man known here by the name of James Davids. There was in his dress and manners, in his great acquaintance with the public affairs of England and Europe, and in his obvious desire of retirement, which led some of the most intelligent people in the town to regard him from the first, as one of those whom the restoration of the monarchy had made exiles from England, and whom their pastor had exhorted them beforehand to shelter and protect. Mr. Jones, in particular, recognized him as one of King Charles's judges, whom in his youth, he had so often seen in London and Westminster; but with him, of whose fidelity Whalley and Goffe had made so full an experiment, the perilous secret was safe. The retired stranger, who had lodgings with Mr. Ling, received much of the confidence of those who became acquainted with him. He was twice married; by his first wife, the widow of his friend Ling, he acquired a house and considerable property. He attended to some little business, which gave him the title of a merchant, and sometimes he aided in the settlement of estates. He was greatly respected, not only for his intelligence, but for his piety. After his death, when another revolution placed William and Mary on the throne, it became generally known that the equivocal initials on his tombstone, "J. D., Esq." designated the last resting-place of John Dixwell, the regicide.—*Bacon's Historical Discourses.*

DEATH AT A CARD-TABLE.—**GLoucester.**—In one of the houses in this locality (a beer-shop called the Plasterers' Arms), a young man, named Richard Cole, was on Saturday evening playing at cards with some boon companions. Another man, named George Fricker, joined the party about seven o'clock, but did not play. He was intoxicated, and very quarrelsome, and as the game proceeded, he looked over the cards of one of the players, and made a signal to his partner, for the purpose of showing what cards were out. This aggravated Cole, who said he would play no more, and threw up his hand. Fricker then challenged Cole to fight, and Cole rose from his seat and struck him a blow in the mouth. A proposition was made to adjourn to the yard, but Fricker would not agree to this, and taking advantage of an opportunity, hit Cole a violent blow under the jaw with his fist, which knocked him down. Fricker then fell on him, seized the hair of his head, and continued to beat him for some time, until he lay motionless on the floor, and upon being lifted up, it was found that he was quite dead. Fricker then laid hold of the landlord, threw him backwards, and beat him about the head. Mr. Hickey, a medical man, promptly attended, and pronounced Cole to be quite dead. In fact, his neck was broken. An inquest was held on the body before Mr. Bailey the Coroner, and after a lengthened investigation, the Jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Richard Fricker, who was fully committed for trial. Fricker is a young man of turbulent disposition, and evinced no regret for his crime. The deceased is the son of respectable parents, and a generally well-conducted man. He was distantly related to the eccentric Jemmy Wood of Gloucester, whose will has been the subject of so much litigation. Had the will been set aside, his family would have shared in the distribution amongst the next of kin.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE III. MAY, 1800.—On the 31st of May, 1800, his Majesty attended the field-exercises of the grenadier battalion of the Guards in Hyde Park; when, during one of the volleys, a ball cartridge was fired from a musket of one of the soldiers, which struck Mr. Ongley, a clerk in the navy-office, and who was standing only a few paces from the king. Mr. Ongley was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh: had the wound been an inch higher, it

must have proved fatal. An examination took place of the cartouch-boxes of the soldiers, but no individual could be fixed upon as the perpetrator of this act, nor could it be ascertained whether it arose from accident or design. His Majesty, whose virtuous life made him in no dread of assassination, visited Drury Lane Theatre the same evening; when a circumstance occurred, which coupled with that in the morning, would have filled an arbitrary monarch with the direst apprehensions, and served as pretexts to increase his power. At the moment when his Majesty entered the box, a man in the pit, near the orchestra, on the right hand side, suddenly stood up and discharged a pistol at the king. The ball passed between three feet of the royal person. His Majesty had advanced about four steps from the door; but, on the report of the pistol, he stopped, and stood firmly. At this moment the queen entered the royal box, when the king waved his hand for her to keep back. Her Majesty asked what was the matter? The king said, "Only a squib, a squib; they are firing squibs." The man who committed the crime was seized immediately; nor would the audience suffer the play to proceed until doubly assured that he was in safe custody. After the assassin had been taken away, the queen advanced in front of the box, and in great agitation curtsied. She looked at the king, and asked if they should stay? The king answered, "We will not stir, but stay the entertainment out." So little were the nerves of the king shaken, or his internal tranquillity disturbed by this event, that he took his accustomed doze of three or four minutes between the conclusion of the play and the commencement of the farce, as he would have done on any other night. The person who thus attempted the life of the best of sovereigns, was a maniac of the name of Hatfield.

MILITARY TORTURE AND PUNISHMENT.—**EXECUTION OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH.** In carrying the sentence of death into effect, which is generally executed by shooting, great ceremony is ordinarily observed. Formerly, it would appear that two delinquents were to suffer at the same time, an execution party was told off or allotted to each criminal. This conclusion seems probable at any rate from the following account which Hume gives us of the execution of Sir George Lucas and Sir Charles Lisle. During the war between the royalist army and the army of the Parliament, in the reign of Charles I., the town of Colchester, which had long held out for the King, was obliged to surrender at discretion. Fairfax, who commanded the besieging army, instantly seized Sir G. Lucas and Sir C. Lisle, two of the gallant defenders of Colchester, and resolved to make them instant sacrifices to military justice. Lucas was first shot, and he himself gave orders to fire with the same alacrity as if he had commanded a platoon of his own soldiers. Lisle instantly ran and kissed the dead body, then cheerfully presented himself to a like fate. Thinking that the soldiers "destined for his execution" stood at too great a distance, he called to them to come nearer. One of them replied, "I'll warrant you, Sir, we'll hit you." He replied, smiling, "Friends, I have been nearer to you when you have missed me."—*From Colburn's United Service Magazine and Naval and Military Journal.*

COWARDICE AND CRUELTY.—The union of extreme cowardice with cruelty, and the fortitude with which he will bear torture, in the Negro, is an extraordinary anomaly in nature. The following instances of patience or indifference under torture will illustrate this fact:—"Not long ago, I saw a black man suspended alive from the gallows by the ribs, between which, with a knife, was first made an incision, and then clinched an iron hook with a chain; in this manner he kept alive three days, hanging with his head and feet downwards, and catching with his tongue the drops of water (it being the rainy season) that were flowing down his bloated breast. Notwithstanding all this, he never complained, and even unbraided a negro for crying while he was flogged below the gallows, by calling out to him 'You man? are you a man?—you behave like a boy?' Shortly after which he was knocked on the head by the commissary sentinel who stood over him, with the butt end of his musket. Another negro I have seen quartered alive; who, after four strong horses were fastened to his legs and arms, and after having had iron springs driven home underneath every one of his nails on hands and feet, without a motion first asked for a dram, and then bid them pull away without a groan. But his jokes, under such circumstances, were still more surprising: he desired the executioner to drink before him lest there should be poison in the glass, and requesting him to take care that none of the horses struck backwards.

THE GUILLOTINE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—A letter from Constantinople states, that the guillotine has been introduced into that capital, and that the first execution with this instrument has taken place on a barber, and an Armenian, his accomplice, who had been condemned to death for the murder of a person that had entrusted them with some property, who were brought to justice by the child of the victim, who had witnessed the murder, and had remained concealed until he had an opportunity of denouncing the culprits. The guillotine, which was of a new invention, and imported from France, seemed to excite rather curiosity than horror among the spectators of the execution, and the criminals themselves are said to have been astonished, and to have shrugged up their shoulders, as much as to say "Is that all?"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The following narrative, while it strikingly exhibits the fallible and uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, affords also a convincing proof of the indispensable necessity of procuring medical testimony of the highest order, in all criminal cases relating to injuries of the person. The narrator, Mr. Perfect, a surgeon at Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet* (Mr. Wakley) in January, 1841, and as its diffusion is likely to do good, we take leave to transfer it into our own pages:—"It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Pack Horse, Turnham-green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very loud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been obtained; curiosity alone, therefore, induced me to make my way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and, I believe, a *double jury*, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to show that a farmer and market-gardener in Sutton-court Farm, had a few years before a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of his eldest brother, and sometimes hegat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under controul as the conduct of the younger: and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together. One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow for a considerable distance, nor were there any other footsteps *but his own*: time passed on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alterations in the grounds surrounding the house having been taken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm), a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that the popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empanelled to investigate the case. After listening attentively to these details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the farther end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance, for he desired the parish headle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and having myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of the teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I re-constructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones of the trunk to be those of a female. I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions might be sent for, one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report. I need not add that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of apology, from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found was formerly the site of a large gravel pit, in which hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and, perhaps, more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity. At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of this occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been the 'happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the fate, of a murderer.'"

MAGNANIMOUS CRIMINAL.—Mr. Ryland, the artist, who was executed in 1789 for forgery, so conciliated the friendship of the governor of Tothill Fields Bridewell, where he was confined, that he not only had the liberty of the whole house and garden, but, when the other prisoners were locked up of an evening, the governor used to take him out with him, and range the fields to a considerable distance. His friends anticipating the consequences of a trial at this time, concerted a plan by which Ryland was to effect an escape in one of these excursions, and which was to have been executed in such a manner, that the exoneraton of his guardian must have followed of course. But, probable as it appeared, when mentioned to the unfortunate man, he was so far from acceding, that he protested, that if he was at that moment to meet his punishment, he would embrace it with all its terrors, rather than betray a confidence so humanely given. He was deaf to remonstrance and entreaty, and ultimately preferred the risk of death to a breach of friendship.

QUARTERLY TABLE OF MORTALITY.—This table, comprising 114 districts of England, including the principal towns, shows the number of deaths registered in the five years, the average number

of deaths in the six autumns (1838-42), and the number of deaths in the autumn quarter of 1843, ending Dec. 31. The 114 districts are subdivided into 571 registrar's districts—33 districts are in the metropolis, and 81 comprise, with some agricultural parishes, the principal towns and cities of England. In 1841, the population of these districts was 6,534,535—nearly 4-10ths of the whole population. The number of deaths from all causes, registered in the 13 weeks ending Dec. 30, 1843, is as follows:—Epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases, 2,909 died; diseases of the brain, spinal marrow, nerves and senses, 2,047; of the lungs and other organs of respiration, 4,396; of the heart and blood-vessels, 320; of the stomach, liver, and other organs of digestion, 981; of the kidneys, 89; childbed, disease of the uterus, &c., 141; rheumatism and affections of the joints and bones, 69; of the skin, &c., 26; dropsy, cancer, and other diseases of uncertain seat, 1,387; old age and natural decay, 967; deaths by violence, privation, or intemperance, 296; causes not specified, 110—making in the aggregate, 13,738, or 1,928 more than 11,815, the average of five previous autumns. Taking into consideration the increase of population, the excess of deaths, in the last quarter, is 1,368. Smallpox was fatal to 114 persons, which is below the average (360), but 59 more than the previous quarter. During the quarter the following diseases were the most fatal:—Consumption, inflammation of the lungs, scarlet fever, convulsions, measles, dropsy, typhus, whooping-cough, water on the brain, bronchitis, asthma, teething, apoplexy, and croup. Diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera, were more fatal than usual, 380 persons having died of these diseases. Of the 221 deaths by dysentery in this and the previous quarter, 87 occurred in the Greenwich Union workhouse during the 14 weeks (Aug. 13 to Nov. 13.) Deaths by the diseases of the nervous system were 226 above the average; of bronchitis and pneumonia, 695 above the average; of the digestive organs, 215 above the average. Fewer violent or sudden deaths were registered than usual. Scarletina, measles, and typhus, are said to be the prevalent diseases in the other parts of the kingdom. In the provincial districts the aggregate number of deaths is considerably below the average.

TO THE MILLIONS!

The Proprietors of THE DEATH WARRANT have much gratification in announcing to their Subscribers, in furtherance of their Holy Crusade against Churchyard and Chapel Interments, an abomination which the late Dr. Adam Clarke denounced as shocking "to God, decency and health," are preparing to present gratuitously to all Subscribers for Six Months, a

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Subscribers to commence 1st of March, after which a Ticket will be delivered for twenty-five successive weeks with each WARRANT, the holder of twenty-six Tickets to be entitled to the Plate.

Death Warrant Office,
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Printed and Published by F. A. WALKER, 113, STRAND.